

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #49]

ORIGINAL MSS. OR FIELD NOTES (Check one)

PUB. Living Lore in

New England

TITLE Italian Cobbler, Beverly - #49

WRITER Merton R. Lovett

DATE 5/16/39 WDS. PP. 5

CHECKER DATE

SOURCES GIVEN (?) Interview

COMMENTS Conn.

1938-9 Paper No. 49

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Interview

with

Vito Cacciola

. . .

by

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Merton R. Lovett

. . .

“As well as remembered.”

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Interview with Vito Cacciola

by Merton R. Lovett

. . .

(from memory)

“Whata de use for worry, Mr. Lovett? Every day we hava two chances. Each day we liva or we die. Each night we die or we liva. If we die we will worry no more. If we liva we must thank de good Lord for de blessings and opportunity.

“Oh, there is always something to thanka Him for. Life cannot be all bad. Once I knowa an Italian which rellus-trat-ed this truth.

“They call-ed him Patsy. He worka hard for many years. Then he geta sick with whata de doctor call-ed sugar diabetes.

“Sure, some Italians is named Patrick. This Patsy, he gets mucha sick. De doctor must choppa off one leg to sava him. Did he maka complaint? He dida not.

“But worsa was to come. Again de hospital catch-ed him. De doctor choppa off de other leg. It was very sad. My! My! My!

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"No, he dida not die. He geta well for de while. He crawla around de house. Never did he finda fault. He dida not bellyache.

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Instead he is most cheerful. He is demarkable. He saya; It might have been worsa!

"Sometimes Patsy playa with his children. He maka them laugh. He builda for them toys of wood and drawa pictures.

"Yes, he hava de great courage. One time he tells me; 'Whata de Hell, Vito; why should I maka de sad face? They is many peoples worsa off than me. I will liva lika de man until I die!

"In course, I feela badly for him, Mr Lovett. My eyes they were dump.

"Whats that, you think my eyes was not dumpa. Believe you me I almost weep-ed. "Oh, - so dump is de wronga word. It shoulda be damp. Hah! Hah! excusa me, I maka de big mistake. Anyhows Patsy teacha me de great lesson. I will not so often geta discouraged.

"For many years, Patsy was on my prayer list. Did I ever showa to you my prayer list. No? I will geta it.

"See there is many pages. I pray for the people named here each night. See here is Patsy.

Yes, when de person getta well, or dies, I crossa 3 him out.

"Thats a right, Mr. Lovett. This name standa for missionary what help-ed me when I coma to Boston. He teach-ed me de English. I still praya for him.

"This is girl's name. Her I did not know. One night I heara her sing so beautiful it maka my heart grow much. I keepa her on de list also.

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"Here is my mother's name. This is de man what lenda me money for train fare.

"Yes, that is de name of poet. I praya for him because once I read de poem in de paper what giva me much respiration - yes inspiration. This is de Doctor, nam-ed Field.

"This man is de fine preacher. Thisa one teacha me some harmony and helpa me make advancement in music. That is lawyer who helped me get a inocent friend from de jail. This is de poor widow who hava many children.

"Sure that is name of your daughter, but now she has maka recovery I crossa her out. This is noble lady what help-ed me in de old country.

In course it taka me many minutes. But to pray for the peoples who have help-ed me gives me much joy.

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I also thinka de good Lord will heara my request for peoples who needa help. For myself I praya seldom. I thinka that would be selfishness. De Lord will geta weary, if we always bega Him to giva us this and giva us that. Does you not thinka so?"

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"Hello dear. So you gota de loose sole on de shoe. Now you cannot skipa de rope. Well, I will fixa it.

"What grade at school is you in?

"De third? Do you lika your teacher?

"There now you can runa and jumpa.

"Oh it was de little job. It will costa you no money."

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"Good afternoon girls. Can I fixa de shoes? In course I can fixa them. When shoes is fix-ed better, Vito will fix them.

"How much will it costa? Seventy five cents.

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"What, you arn't made of money? I know you are not. You are mado of things more prescious, I hopa.

"My! My! Nica young ladies should not talka so. It grieves de good Lord to heara you.

"Whata you say? I am de old screwball. I am what de Lord maka me. It is most fortunate I am nota your father.

"Yes, I will menda de shoes. De price it is seventy five cents. You must paya me in advance.

"All right, I thanka you. Good bye.

"Those girls is Italian-Americans. They hava bad manners. When they talk, they maka such noise as hurta my ears. They also have de evil heart. If you knowa of them what I knowa, it would degusta you, Mr. Lovett."

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